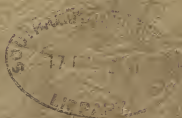
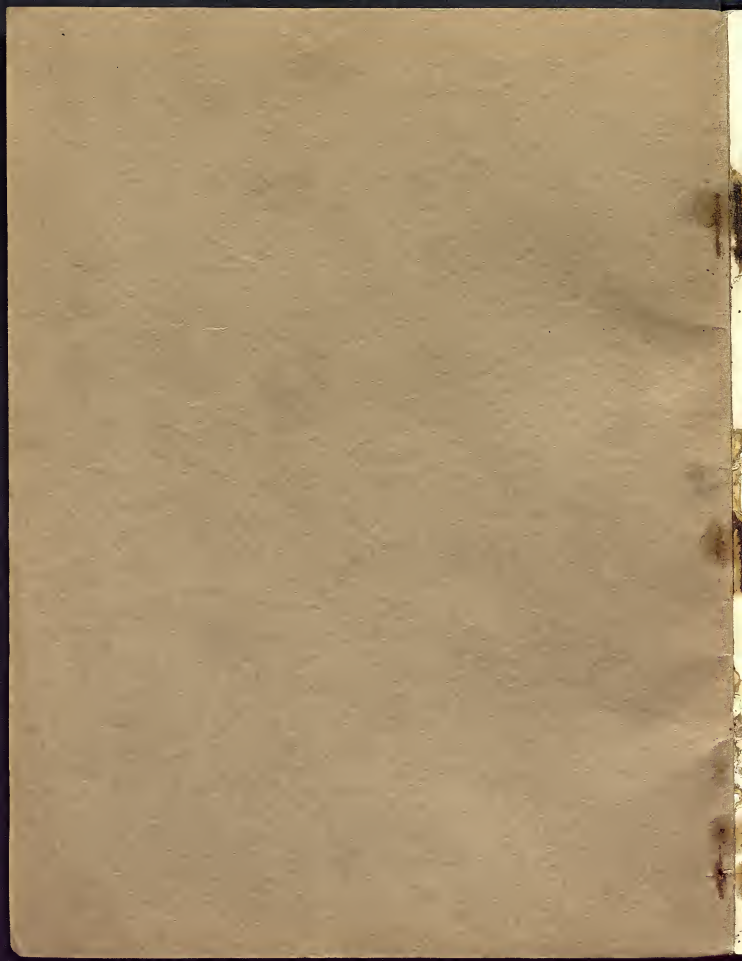


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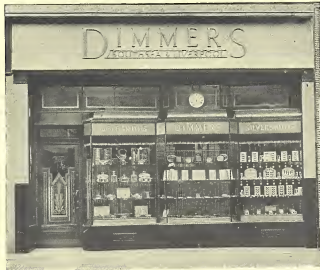
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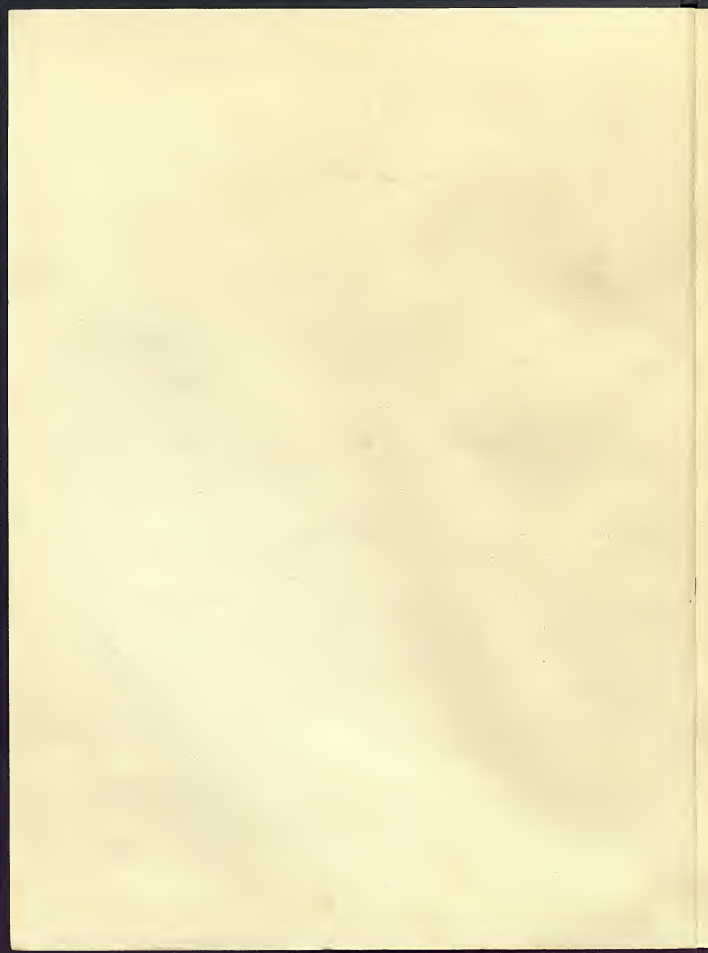
Autumn Term, 1933



University College, Southampton.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL - - - - -	5
WAR ! - - - - -	7
MUSING - - - - -	9
MEMORIES - - - - -	9
KOMISARJEVSKI'S "MACBETH" - - - - -	10
DAWN - - - - -	12
TWILIGHT - - - - -	12
BERTIE WOOSTER VISITS U.C.S. - - - - -	13
DISENCHANTMENT - - - - -	16
ECONOMICS OF DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION - - - - -	17
NEW YEAR'S EVE - - - - -	19
SONG OF THE WOMEN - - - - -	20
ENTERTAINMENTS - - - - -	21
ROMANCE IN THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT - - - - -	22
BACK TO THE LAND - - - - -	23
CELLULOID - - - - -	25
ADIEUX A MES ÉTUDIANTS - - - - -	28
REPOSE (to above) - - - - -	28
CAMPS FOR MEN - - - - -	29
"MRS. MOONLIGHT" - - - - -	30
CORRESPONDENCE - - - - -	32
HALL NOTES - - - - -	35
ATHLETICS - - - - -	37
SOCIETIES - - - - -	39



THE EDITOR SPEAKS.

"As for man, his days are as grass."



One of the few certain things about any form of life, as we know it, is that it will some day come to an end. Scholar, student, and professor, after their various and peculiar vicissitudes, are all reduced by a common lot to a common medium. Time plays its continual havoc with the best of us and with the worst of us. From time almost immemorial, poets and others have bemoaned in verse or prose the ravages of this all-consumer, who brings in his train disaster and happiness, happiness and disaster in quick succession. It may be well for us to pause for a moment to consider this somewhat commonplace but nevertheless rather disturbing thought, and allow our normal dull complacency to be upset for a short space. The beginning of a session may well be a time for a reflection of this nature, for it is good to remember that time plays its merry game with institutions as well as with individuals. At such a moment it is natural to ask what is happening to University College, Southampton.

From a position of comparative exile it is indeed difficult to form anything like an adequate idea of the way in which College activities are progressing, but occasional visits to the seat of learning have made it possible to realize that things are much the same as they have ever been. There are groups gathered round refectory tables in flippant or serious converse as of old; the corridor is put to its age-long use; the halls still house their cheery inmates. But there is a difference—

The Giants have departed.

"A new Goatfoot" and a lesser draws pen across paper, and new officials of societies shrink into a puny insignificance when compared with those who have held the corresponding offices in past years. The shrinkage does not, however, appear on the social side only. Many of those who have been the mainstay of the College sporting activities have left us, to carry on their work and their play in a wider sphere. Generally speaking there is an uneasy and indefinable sense of loss.

The prospect would, therefore, appear to be completely void of any hope whatsoever, and the question may well be asked, "How then is College to continue?" The answer here is with the enemy, for we remember; we refuse to apologise for the hackneyed nature of the thought; that the hand of time, which deals scars, can also heal them. Perhaps, on the balance, College has even begun to gain. Certainly there is decidedly more room to breathe, and the newcomers seem, on a first acquaintance, capable of filling to a certain extent the shoes of those departed. Perchance, no one knows, we minnows ourselves may be the legendary gigantic figures viewed with reverence by the future generations.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that there are gaps left by the departure of our fellows of last year, and that next year there will be some remaining who will view the end of the College careers of some of us with very slightly qualified regret. From year to year time has taken, and will continue to take, of the best that we can offer.

Mere oblivion and forgetfulness is not enough to compensate for this loss. There must be another method of circumventing the enemy. Once again the poets have discovered it. Horace and Shakespeare, as well as scores of versifiers, poetasters, and scribblers, shout it from the very housetops. The "deathless verse" of some has mercifully died unhonoured and unsung, but Helen is still beautiful although her earthly form has long since decayed into dust; the heart still clutches as Leander swims to his fate. The written and printed word can defy the challenge of time; the monument more lasting than brass stands for ever.

Turning over the leaves of old copies of the *West Saxon*, we can do much to recapture the spirit of former merry days in College. The pages of those numbers published in our time enable us to live our own College lives once more. We catch a glimpse of a familiar form or the cadence of a well-known voice; perchance we may even be privileged enough to hear an intimate, revealing, whispered aside which had previously escaped our notice.

The *West Saxon* is, or aims to be, representative of the thought and conversation of its own College generation as a whole. Only in so far as it achieves that aim is it truly the College magazine. It must not be given over entirely to one body of opinion, nor must it be the expression of the personalities of a few individual members only. Future students will say, when they read these pages, "Such were the men and the women of those days," and their opinion can be correct, only if all sections of the body corporate find in the *West Saxon* their true and natural expression.

Read through the following pages; ask yourself whether the cadence of College conversation is truly caught. Then reflect, if you find the whole unbalanced, that it is not in the Editor to command the articles he desires; his task is almost entirely confined, we hope, to the duties of selection. The remedy is in your own hands.



WAR!!!



T is a healthy symptom that whatever opinions a student of U.C.S. may possess, he or she can usually find a fellow-student who disagrees with them. Science progresses through controversy. Yet there is one question on which students are unanimous. Every student in the College is opposed to war. This unanimity is not peculiar to U.C.S. It exists in every other University and University College in the country. It is not even peculiar to venerable institutions of learning. Almost the whole population of this country and every other country is opposed to war. War is a crime that shatters every decent code of morality. Aided by science it has become a spectre that threatens the existence of civilisation—that threatens the existence of humanity itself.

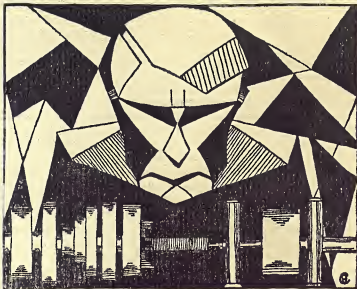
Notwithstanding this unanimous opposition to war there is a widespread feeling that there may be a fresh outbreak of war at any time. These views are confirmed by disputes like the Sino-Japanese dispute. How can such a disaster be averted? Disarmament has become the stock answer to this question. The best insurance against war is the total destruction of all instruments of warfare. If disarmament will solve the problem, why not disarm? We are told that total disarmament is impracticable, and no statesman ever contemplates it. Disarmament has resolved itself into "a haggling of experts to get rid of the obsolescent." Each nation suspects it as a trick by means of which other nations will have greater military advantage than they had before. We are justified in questioning the sincerity of nations that solemnly agree never to use poison gas in warfare but continue to maintain poison gas research stations. Treaties will again become "scraps of paper."

If statesmen cannot bring about disarmament, the only alternative that will guarantee the maintenance of peace is for every individual to refuse to fight in any future war. War depends not only on the existence of armaments but also on human gun-fodder being available. It must be emphasized that *all* war is wrong; no exception can be made. After the outbreak of a war the statesmen on both sides tell their respective compatriots that it is a defensive war—that it is a war in defence of the nation's rights. This is the only means by which they can provoke sufficient patriotic enthusiasm to provide the essential gun-fodder and moral support.

Just as it is necessary to organise for war, it is also necessary to organise for peace. In September the first World Students' Anti-War Congress was held in Paris. There were over a hundred students from twenty-two countries, including thirty from England, and they conferred with the object of organising the students of the world for peace. In every University and University College in this country a Students' Anti-War Committee has been formed. These Committees are pledged to oppose *all* war by every possible means. In times of peace their function will be to expose and to protest against the manufacture of armaments, chemical research for warfare purposes, every form of militarism and all preparations for war. Every student must be made cognisant with the facts. This can be achieved through student meetings and wall-newspapers. The Committees specially wish to expose every form of militarism that exists within the Universities. How many University chemical laboratories are engaged with poison gas research? The O.T.C. and militarism are inseparable. While no one doubts the sincerity of every member of the O.T.C. in his opposition to war, the consistency of being a member of that organisation and holding

anti-war views is questionable. This inconsistency is recognised by many members of the O.T.C., but it is not easy for them to relinquish their membership. In the event of an outbreak of war the committees will endeavour to influence students to refuse to fight or to be in any way connected with the military machine.

An Anti-War Committee has been formed at U.C.S., and it has already aroused considerable interest and support from a large number of students. It is to be hoped that it will obtain the active co-operation of students in its opposition to war. Students at U.C.S. should protest against the violation of free speech in those Universities where the Anti-War Committee has been banned by the authorities. They should protest against the imprisonment of the two Oxford students at Swindon, under an Act of Edward II for demonstrating against a war film. They should demonstrate their unity in the common purpose by linking up with the National and International Students' Anti-War Movements. Students have a right to oppose war by every possible means. It is their duty to protect civilisation from this ever-hovering spectre that threatens to devastate everything they cherish—that threatens to destroy the human race.



MUSING.



O no man I speak my dearest thoughts ;
For I fear that the tongue of the world
May sully the idols I worship
In the innermost shrine of my soul.

To none do I tell my fondest dreams ;
For I fear lest the breath of a word
Should shatter the gossamer castles
I silently sit and weave.

MEMORIES.



CANNOT feel the sunlight's cheerful warmth
But Memory must waken thoughts of thee,
Nor gaze into the purple of the night,
And mark the silver moon's serenity ;
I cannot listen to sweet music's charms,
Nor wander in the realm of Poesy ;

I cannot see the beauty of wild flowers,
Or breathe the fragrant perfume of the rose,
And see the brook as merrily it goes
Rippling and murmuring thro' the glens and bowers ;
I cannot hear the tender, throbbing notes
Filling the air with trembling melody,
But all these things must ever bring to me
Thoughts of the days we spent so happily.



KOMISARJEVSKI'S "MACBETH."



At the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon last summer, Komisarjevski's "Macbeth" was one of the most popular of the productions and attracted considerable attention. Elsewhere it seems to have been generally ignored, and for this reason I am writing this criticism, to call attention to a most interesting experiment. A short account of the production must be given to make any criticism intelligible to those who have not seen the play.

After a short musical prelude the curtain went up to reveal a most impressive setting. Instead of the traditional "blasted heath," the scene is a battlefield. The scenery itself is impossible to describe; suffice to say that it consists of plain and cylindrical surfaces; in one corner is a howitzer; heavy clouds roll across the sky in the background, and guns are heard in the distance. The three witches, in traditional costume, speak the opening lines in stage Scots. Duncan and his staff enter in the uniform of modern continental soldiers, with steel helmets and capes. After their exit the witches, who have been present all the time, greet Macbeth and Banquo, then slip away. The next setting is the courtyard of Macbeth's castle; a stairway leads to the upper room where the murder of Duncan takes place. The third scene is the interior of the castle; two flights of stairs each side of the stage lead to a platform at the back, higher than the front level. Here takes place the assassination of Banquo, Macbeth's feast, the second witch scene, and Lady Macduff's murder. By simple use of lighting, Macbeth's own shadow, thrown against a wall, very impressively suggests the appearance of Banquo's ghost at the feast. For the second witch scene Macbeth is in bed on the higher stage; the witches themselves do not appear, but their voices are heard as in a dream, and the use of a cinema gives the vision of Banquo's line of kings. The scene in England is played in front of a plain curtain. The last scene is the battlements of the castle; here the sleep-walking scene takes place; the episode of the English army in Dunsinane Wood is transplanted here, and here Macduff finally kills Macbeth.

The most outstanding blemish in this production is the treatment of the witches. I do not intend here to enter into the very controversial question as to the nature of the "weird sisters," but I suggest that they can be regarded in three possible ways: first as the Parcae, or Fates, who rule the lives of men; or secondly as witches in the popular conception of old women, who ride on broomsticks; or thirdly as a mere vehicle for conveying Macbeth's own thoughts and ambitions. The producer should decide for himself which method he wishes to follow, and adhere to it strictly; Komisarjevski does not seem to have made up his mind at all. In the last witch scene, as related above, the witches are entirely subjective, they do not appear in person, but their voices torment Macbeth in his sleep. This scene on the stage was very effective, and, in itself, admirable, but it was inconsistent with the first witch-scene, where, faced with the difficulty of the appearance of the witches to both Macbeth and Banquo, Komisarjevski introduced the witches themselves. The producer confused two methods, so that the resulting impression on the audience was not at all clear.

The choice of costume raised another difficulty because the male characters were all dressed in military uniform, so that anyone who did not know the play well, would have much difficulty in distinguishing one from another. Finally, the introduction of the English army into the inside of Macbeth's castle in the last act, when they are still in Birnam Wood, was bad. Komisarjevski used scenery, thus localising the action; he could well have dropped a curtain to distinguish between the castle and the wood as he did to distinguish between Scotland and England. As it was, I am convinced that many of the audience did not realise that the soldiers on the stage, all dressed exactly the same as Macbeth and his staff, were the English forces plucking branches from Birnam Wood.

Having pointed out these blemishes in Komisarjevski's particular production, I intend to discuss the suitability of this type of production for Shakespeare.

The traditional way of producing Shakespeare is unimaginative. The usual repertory company often uses stock scenery, and costumes vaguely Elizabethan. The advantage of this method is negative, the effect is neutral; the audience ignores scenery and costume; it gets little help from the producer, but on the other hand there is little to stand between it and Shakespeare. By the use of imagination on the part of the audience much can be got from this type of performance. It is common now to find elaborate historical productions, but their use is limited. At Stratford "Richard II" made a very fine "costume play" without any loss to Shakespeare; in the case of "Hamlet" there were several incongruities and inconsistencies of tone because the setting was in early Denmark, but the characters were essentially products of Elizabethan, Renaissance England. Attempts have been made to produce Shakespeare "in modern dress." I have never seen one of these productions but should imagine that the effect on the audience would be distracting, with consequent loss.

Komisarjevski followed none of these methods; he gave an impressionist production to a play not suited for it. His idea of "Macbeth" and Shakespeare's are so different that the Stratford wits were justified in calling the performance "Macbeth" by Komisarjevski. The production did show the importance of this type of handling; the settings themselves were magnificent in their stark simplicity, and the climax of the play, gradually worked up to a terrifying and exciting pitch by the skilful use of music, lighting, and movement, provided an experience not to be forgotten. Yet there were also incongruities and artificialities which were irritating or even ludicrous; Macbeth, a general in modern uniform, addresses his wife as "dearest chuck"; in the fight between Macbeth and Macduff, they use swords and curious triangular shields. What is the producer to do? Having given his impression of the play so far, has he not a perfect right to go farther by altering the language for his purpose?

I suggest that this type of production should be limited to plays specially written and designed for it. Komisarjevski has a perfect right to his own impression of "Macbeth," but a production should be designed, as much as possible, to allow the audience to form its own impression. The producer should put as little as possible between the author and the audience. The older productions, unimaginative as they often were, did give the onlooker imaginative free-play. This production seemed to dictate to the imagination; occasionally it helped, but most of the time, fine as it was, it left the playgoer repeating to himself: "No, this is not my Shakespeare."



TO DAWN.



BEAUTIFUL is the morning when your eyes
Unclose so slowly on the skyline grey,
And your bright irids ope the quivering day,
And your wet lashes sweep the glistening skies.

Beautiful is the morning then to me
When star by star you climb the skiey height,
And after you there trails your shadow, Light,
And in the earth below there glints the sea.

O thou most beautiful, who com'st with dew
When the wild birds for very joy are still,
And light comes stealing soft by wood and hill—
Whose touch is fleeting and whose hours are few—

O thou most beautiful, who bringest day :
Longing, I plead before thy fast-closed door.
To-morrow take me on thy skiey way
From portal unto portal of the day,
Take me, most beauteous one, or come no more.



TWILIGHT.



THE petals of the shadowy blossom, night,
Are now unfolding in the cool spring sky.
The starry stamens silver glint, and lie
Leaning against the petals of the night.


Downward the blossom droops and pollen falls
Showered from its heavy-laden stamen stars,
Falls on the surface of my heart and mars
Its smoothness : yet it falls.

Downward the blossom showers its dusky scent—
Rainwet and rousing comes the breath of spring—
And at its summoning sweet the wild birds sing—
Beneath the blossom, heavy-headed, bent.

Like some beloved face with stars for eyes
Shining with unshed tears, unuttered love
So droops the starry blossom, night, above,
So seems to me the twilight of spring skies.

BERTIE WOOSTER VISITS U.C.S.

(With apologies to P. G. Wodehouse.)

" or Southampton and the ancestral portals of U.C.S." was the theme which surged through the old bean, so to speak, as the train tooted merrily on its way towards Swaythling. 'Twas a topping day; the sun poured out a modicum of the old beams, but there was nevertheless a bracing tang in the air which sent the red corpuscles beetling briskly through the veins—in fact, the weather was exceptionally clement, as Jeeves would have said had he been in the presence of the young master. But Bertram was alone—a rift in the lute, if you gather what I mean: a stout fellow old Jeeves, but a little apt to get above himself ever and anon; on this occasion, with ref. to a rather natty line in gent's neckwear that I'd been patronizing.

But no unpleasant thoughts of insubordinate servitors marred the *joie-de-vivre* of Bertram as the train dragged itself to a halt at Swaythling. A brace of porter chappies rallied round in no uncertain fashion and directed me to the nearest tram "stop"—the only means of transport in this dog-gone part of the universe being that much-abused death-carriage, the tramcar.

"Keep on turning left and you'll get to Swaythling," quoth chappie A.

"About two minutes' walk," murmured chappie B.

I tooled off, and anon was at Swaythling, passing on the right hand a couple of hostelrys boosting the ales of one Marston and the beers of Messrs. Strong & Co., of Romsey, Limited—a firm hitherto unknown to me. An enforced sojourn of a little over twenty minutes before the arrival of a tram caused the Wooster spirit to chafe not a little; in fact it was only by gritting the teeth and thinking of the foul hideousness of my Aunt Agatha—a blot of the worst type on God's earth—that I refrained from entering the "Goat and Grapes" (I believe that was its name) to revive the Wooster tissues with a stiffish snort of w. and s. The arrival of the tram was greeted with a goodish display of verve and what-not by the local proletariat, and after a further delay of ten minutes, during which time I observed notices urging me to visit the Greyhound Racing at the Stadium (to-night) and to take a look in at the Ice Rink, we were on our way.

The journey was uneventful except that, from the start, the child (sex doubtful) of a fellow-sufferer developed the tendency of endeavouring to deprive me of my cigarette, during the process of which my face became smarmed with some viscous substance. I was not a little bucked to hear the conductor chappie bawling "University Road"; amidst the baffled shrieks of the fiendish infant I emerged from the car and proceeded to oil along the aforementioned road.

It appeared that I was not the only one in whom the idea of visiting the venerable seat of learning had found favour; scattered along the road were numerous other coves whom I recognised as being students, distinguishing them from the proletariat by the smallish brown cases that each and every one carried. These coves seemed to patronise a gate marked "Out," so I passed through into the fore-grounds, so to speak. The first impression that the casual observer would have gained from the general lay-out of the grassland was that this was the scene of some Communist meeting which had been broken up by a massed attack from the anti-Communist party. A closer examination, however, revealed that the turf had been taken up in some orderly fashion, and I arrived at the conclusion that some extension to the buildings was imminent.

Within, I began to feel not a little apprehensive: it was true that my cousins Claude and Eustace were somewhere about, but it struck me that the odds were pretty

stiff against my ever finding them inside this terrific structure. I tooled about hither and thither wondering vaguely what was the next item on the agenda and feeling not a little like the stranger within the gates, if you see what I mean, when suddenly, from a point immediately to my rear, and from a range of about a hundred and fifty yards (or so it seemed) two distinct and separate individuals gave tongue.

"Good old Bertie: boost for Bertie."

"Stout fellow Bertie: up, the *genus* Wooster."

I pivoted sharply on the Wooster heel and dashed forward with the old right hand extended—for the voices were the voices of my cousins Claude and Eustace.

"What ho!" I carolled merrily, "What ho! what ho! in fact, what ho!" from which you will gather that I intended to say "What ho!" and I must admit that the Wooster countenance was the countenance of one registering relief. After the light chit-chat customary between cousin meeting cousins after a space of some two months, the idea of showing me round the building arose in the *mind* (shall we say) of young Claude; no alternative scheme suggested itself to the Wooster brain, so we tooled off. The library seemed in favour as the kicking-off place for the tour of inspection, and we adjourned thither. It was a bigish room—this library—in which sat numerous coves and youngish damsels. No one seemed to be indulging in any great amount of toil; in fact, small snatches of light conversation arose here and there—I distinctly remember overhearing a smallish cove advising another to put his (the other's) head in a bag. I was about to comment upon the fact that, judging from the general lay-out of the scenario, the sexes didn't seem to get on very well together, when there arose a loud "Sh-h-h-h" from the male section of the community and I was dragged away by the cousinage.

"What's the next beauty spot?" I inquired, for we Woosters can wear the mask of polite interest.

"Refec." quoth Claude.

"Short for Refectory," put in Eustace, with the air of one adding a foot, or marginal note.

Eventually we advanced towards a wooden shack or shanty, rather of the type common to wood-lumberers of Newfoundland and district, and, passing through the portals we came upon quite a cheery sort of scene. Scattered about this crib in various attitudes of lounging were numerous coves—in this case mixing freely with the *sex*—all intent upon the imbibing of some brownish substance. I parked the Wooster body at a convenient table and Eustace dashed off to procure me a flagon of the hell-brew.

"Coffee," he explained.

I thanked him politely (we Woosters can wear the mask, as I have remarked before) and, having slipped a luke-warm half-cupful into the abyss, began to take stock of my surroundings. Suddenly, the cheery chit-chat died away and there began what I considered to be some peculiar local ritual: the entire community (as far as I could gather) began to thump with no little vigour upon the tables, to the accompaniment of the rattling of crockery and the hoots of some of the tougher specimens. Then came a sudden silence, broken at once by a concentrated bawling of:

"We want a funny story from Bertie Wooster," followed at a short interval by shouts of "Up, up, up."

'Twas then that the hideousness of the situation and the foul, diabolical cunning of the cousins in luring me to this doom was impressed upon me. I glanced around with the hunted look of a cornered half-back, but there was no escape for Bertram; the Wooster name was about to be dragged in the mire. Eustace was leering at me in a most repulsive manner, whilst Claude, actuated by a mind in a fairly advanced state of moral turpitude, was inciting the others to further ghastly vocal efforts. I dragged

the Wooster limbs and torso into the perp, amidst a sudden "Sh-h-h" from the company. A low croaking laugh emerged from the Wooster mouth as if I were missing on one tonsil; I strained the old bean till it creaked, but between the collar-stud and the hair-parting nothing stirred.

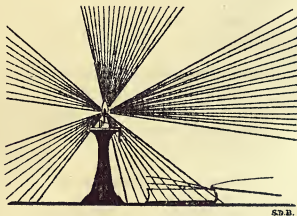
Suddenly I thought of what I considered to be a rather brilliant joke—one which had been current at the Drones a week or so before; you've probably heard it—it's something to do with airmen projecting high explosives at innocent cattle. The community, however, were unable to see eye to eye with me in respect to the merit of this joke. I was greeted with a deathly silence. Someone (may his bones rot for ever in perdition) yelled out "Go on."

I explained the point

In the subsequent uproar I managed to slink out unobserved. I hared up to the main building, passing out via the gate marked "No Exit" and dashed along to the end of the road. After an apprehensive sojourn of ten minutes or so I saw a tram tooling slowly into view. I boarded same.

"The nearest railway station," I gasped to the uniformed brigand at the helm, as it were, and collapsed upon the nearest seat.

A scaly binge, by Jove! I mean to say, what?



S.D.B.

DISENCHANTMENT.



DID not lose my heart in vain.
I gave it,
To receive it back again
More settled, and inured
To all the shocks of life ;
To find myself quite cured

Of idle foolish fancies
Which might cause me pain.
I did not lose my heart in vain.

I lost it to the house where I saw day.
I gave it
To memories of play,
Or rather to an idle dream
Of somewhere that was early home.
In after years, I deem,
Returning once, 'twas wildly lost.
I lost it to the house where I saw day,
A house of common clay.

My friend, you must not say all's lost
Because, forsooth,
You say that you've " been crossed " ;
Because a foolish dream
Has turned out wrong.
Because a face of rose and cream
Is flesh, and a goddess is a fool,
As you'll find most,
You must not say all's lost.

Shake yourself, man, and find the grace to say
(You need, forsooth,)
That you will find, as I, the way
To see the breaking of the mist
Obscuring sight a blessing
Widening vision. Soon, released
From all of folly's heavy clogs,
You'll find the sense to say
That goddesses are made of common clay.



THE ECONOMICS OF DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION.



THE incidence of examination failures on our own small corner of the university world, with its train of recrimination and frightened discipline, the search for some scapegoat other than our own incompetence and the inadequacy of our teaching, rather obscures in our minds the problem of which this trouble of ours is part. We scarcely realise how much pressure is being exerted on university standards by the increased demand for higher education in our socialised democracy.

The position of the universities is simple. Except in those few cases where private endowment makes possible at least the appearance of independence, they depend for their existence on profits. And ultimately those profits depend upon the number of students they can attract, and attractiveness is a function of social and academic success. It pays to advertise, and the best advertisement, apart from the social advantages of a few conventionally reputable institutions, is success in examinations.

Moreover, university education is an undifferentiated mass, consisting in certain formal and academic courses to which there is no alternative. The higher branches of technical education, with the possible exception of engineering, already becoming unfortunately formalised, have been degraded to an inferior position. The "aura" of university training is reserved for a paradoxically specialised "culture," suitable for a limited number of conventionally-minded students, and desirable for a very few indeed.

Thus there are three factors in the situation. There is an increasing number of entrants, assisted in their ambitions by financial aid from the State, from local authorities, or from parents seeking for their offspring the ultimate cachet of respectability, demanding university education at a cheap rate. There are financially struggling universities forced to strive for an increasing share of these entrants in order to make cheap education remunerative. And there is, finally, the undoubted fact that the larger the number of entrants the smaller the proportion of them who are capable of profiting by the formalised courses provided.

Many solutions of this problem are possible, and most of them have been tried. The obvious one, limitation of the number of entrants by a raising of the standard of entry and by curtailing public assistance is impracticable so long as we accept the trend of democratic development to which we are at present committed. "We must educate our masters" is fundamentally a social imperative, and any attempt to concentrate on "quality rather than quantity" must in an unequal society lead to economic discrimination and a reinforcement of social privilege. This solution has indeed been attempted. Grants have been drastically cut, fees have been raised, and working-class students have been "weeded out." But this surgical operation would, if taken beyond certain very narrow limits, involve as a corollary the abolition of those junior institutions, such as ours, which have arisen almost entirely as an accompaniment of the "democratisation" of education, and which cannot find sufficient "private students" to restore their profits, even if such students could pass the stiffer entrance tests, which would be necessary if the policy were to bear any relation at all to academic, as distinct from social, criteria. Moreover, the attempt to enforce such a policy would lead politically to such a swing of the party pendulum that, within at least ten years, nothing short of a Fascist dictatorship could prevent the programme from being abandoned, and education from being restored as a necessarily increasing social service. "We must educate our masters," is inescapable and just.

Thus we have many who are not fitted to pass examinations which they *must* pass if the individual and *competing* universities are to prosper financially. University standards, being ultimately for this economic reason a function of the average ability of the students who offer themselves for examination, must fall. There are various devices employed to mask this effect. While certain Scotch degrees are scarcely worth the paper they are printed on, Oxford has more cunningly invented the *Fourth Class for Honours* as a dumping place, and has left intact a ludicrously inadequate Pass Degree.

London has more scruples. It has quite frankly raised its standards in face of the rising tide, but the result has been, since the student material is inadequate to the existing formal requirements and since students must pass to save the balance sheets of their Colleges, the introduction of an element of brute force into teaching methods which nullifies the higher standard required. The holes are rounder than ever, but very square pegs must be forced into them by fair means or foul, for the sake of the profit and loss account.

This last is the only solution which we at Southampton can put into effect, and we must be frank about it. Publicity demands passes. The conventional teaching methods of a quieter and bygone day will not secure those passes from students unfitted for our formal tests. We must cram for our livelihood, students and teachers alike. We must cease to roll our tongue round "culture" and to keep one foot in the Oxford tutorial room.

The result will be degrading for everyone concerned, but degrees will be got and profits will be made. In the long run, something more satisfactory will have to be evolved for the comprehensive reform of the whole situation. Its probable outlines seem obvious from the above analysis. Its details will present almost insuperable administrative and financial difficulties.

The root problem is the inadequacy of the present undifferentiated curriculum to meet the needs of an enormously diversified body of students aspiring to "higher education" with its "cachet" and its "aura." This can only be solved by abandoning the current worship of "specialised culture" in examination packets, and by the provision of a differentiated system of educational facilities for both adolescents and adults. Our psychologists, our educational theorists, our "practical" men, and all keen observers of the needs and characteristics of an organically varied and rapidly developing community, ought to be able to work out such a system. It would pay attention to function, vocation, mind and body, skill and sentiment, and it would meet the needs of democracy, which education must ultimately do or else fail to be the cement of society.

The economic complication still remains, the problem of universities competing for profits, and of students unequally able to avail themselves of educational facilities. Perhaps a solution of this problem would involve a social and economic reconstruction of society beyond the scope of this essay. On the face of it, the problem is to get rid of competition and of the dependence of universities upon financial profit. One answer would be comprehensive and permanent endowment by the State, with the hope that the permanence of the endowment would minimise the chances of political control. State endowment would seem to follow logically from the existence of State-aided students. This is probably the direction of democratic development, and it is debatable whether it is possible in any but a socialised state. The individualist may cry out against State control and regimentation, but the logic of democratic economics seems remorseless. Even democracy has its penalties.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.



THE last day of the old year dies apace.
I breathe the melancholy evening air,
Filled with the humid scent of rain-soaked bracken,
Mingled with the tang of rotting leaves
That strew the muddy woodland paths, where trees
On either side stretch dreary, leafless boughs,

Monotonously dripping. Far away
The busy wild ducks chatter on a pond,
An owl hoots mournfully, and somewhere, cattle
Are lowing as they wander towards the stall.
The sad, soft tints of the winter landscape dim,
The branches' brown, the bracken's russet, moss
That adds a note of Spring's fresh glowing green,
And patches of dark evergreen, all these,
Enveloped, merging in a faint blue haze,
Create a langourous colour-harmony
Which lulls the soul in melancholy musings.
I leave the dripping woods behind, and tread
The spongy turf of the lonely windswept heath.
The rain has ceased before the evening breeze,
And monstrous grey clouds march across the sky,
Like a giant's funeral cortege; but the West
Is reddening with the sunset, and it casts
A softer glow upon the shadowy heavens,
And rosy glimmerings tinge the greyish blue.
Upon the western skyline, a long rough mass
Of sombre forest stands and broods; beyond
The heavens flamboyant, ominous and grand!
It seems as though, beyond the screen of trees,
A Viking's funeral ship puts out to sea,
Ablaze in tragic glory, slowly drifting
Farther, farther from the watching shore.
The flames grow dim, the banks of cloud descend
Towards the forest. Blue mists hide the hills,
And thicken in the hollows; bushes, trees,
The distant spire, dissolve in ghostly haze.
The Night descends upon the cold damp world;
The Viking's ship is swallowed by the deep,
For darkness has engulfed the dreaming forest
And spreads its pall over the year that is dead.



S.D.B.

SONG OF THE WOMEN.



TILL, we can remember
How they marched away,
Laughing, singing, hoping,
Knowing we would pray.

How we prayed and hoped and wondered,
Prayed and hoped and lost,
Seven millions of us women,
Hoped and prayed ; but lost.

Fourteen million other women
Welcomed home their men,
Who were limbless, sightless, senseless.
Fourteen million other men.

Still we think and still remember
Loss and agony and pain,
Let the other men remember,
Lest it happen once again.



ENTERTAINMENTS.



EVERYONE looks so dashed blasé, as if these confounded entertainments don't upset them two hoots. Dashed social tyranny! Lot of silly women floating round, dropping powder cans and hankies. All spruced up. Look jolly different. All self-conscious. Can't walk in less than half-a-dozen at a time. Long frocks, high-heeled walks. Change from golf course studies and "equal to any man" look. Saturday night weaker sex feeling. Some pretty spartan for *weaker* sex. One end of the hall like a funeral procession. Other end a kaleidoscope. Great success this cold stunt. Ought to try sex segregation. Give a freer atmosphere. Brighter now everyone's in action. High moral tone to this mixed conversation. Mighty sudden enthusiasm for everything. Sentiments on a saxophone. Music pretty shapeless. Doesn't mean a blasted thing. Couples keep stirring round. Now division—scared and fearless. Knights errant lead the way to the round table. Women get refined. Pretending they don't want any darned supper. Bet they'd eat a deuce of a lot more if they let themselves go. Why on earth is a man expected to stick around getting glasses of sour lemonade for a lot of simpering females? Lemonade. Bet this blessed girl can't dance for nuts. Perhaps not altogether her fault. Bit thick of old what's-his-name to hang on to that pretty-looking woman all night. Better be a bit cynical about the dining-hall. Condescending smile looks pretty good while they're gushing about the minstrels' gallery and the fire. So sweet. My hat! The old man different in a dress suit. Twice the man he is in those baggy pants and sloppy coat. Old so-and-so enjoying himself. Even his shirt front beaming. Hopping around like a kid of three. Lot of folks seem quite happy. Everyone looks dashing. Even a few tails swishing. Pretty dresses. Jolly. Hall full of blighters in from the flicks. Not done their bit. Virtuous glow. Cheerful feeling. Good-looking place. Feel quite proud. Deadly dull to-morrow. Hang entertainments.

LUNCH HOUR DANCING.

Those move easiest who have learned to dance.—*Pope*.

J. B-CH-RD.

Behold! a giant am I!—*Longfellow*.

LECTURERS AND TERMINALS.

We but teach bloody instructions, which, being taught, return to plague their inventors.—"*Macbeth*."

E. L. P-LST-N.

No man should have more than two attachments—the first, to number one, and the second to the ladies; that's what I say.—*Dickens*.

A. G. G-DD-S.

I love roads.—*Edward Thomas*.

MISS E. M. GR-Y.

She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion she is virtuous, and she is exceeding wise.—"*Much Ado About Nothing*."

ROMANCE IN THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.



YOU are my spiritual crisis ;
You are the "crux" of my life ;
You are my "hapax legomenon" ;
Will you be my wife ?

There'll be no "variant reading" ;
I'll never "shift my stress" ;
My love won't suffer "mutation" ;
If you will just say "yes."

I want your "labial influence" ;
"Smoothing" would be a delight ;
There'll be no question of "breaking" ;
As long as no one's in sight.

My life was just a "lacuna" ;
Till the day you came along ;
Now it has suffered "gradation" ;
And now all the world is in song.

I've been a mere simulacrum,
I've suffered loss of voice too,
Sweetness and light I have known not
Since I first set eyes on you.

Let my life be raised, dear, and rounded,
A sound change would do me O.K.
—But I know just as *þ*thaes ofereode
So just the same **thisses swa maeg*.

NOTE. For the benefit of the uninitiated.

þ = "that was overcome."

*** = "so may this be."



BACK TO THE LAND.



LEISURE that lacks the economic backing to enable it to be organised and purposeful is liable to pall. "Dolce far niente," in fact, but not too far.

Accordingly I grasped the IDEA as the proverbial drowning man grasps the proverbial straw. I do not claim the credit for it—that belongs to a certain politician who shall be nameless—but that I was one of the discerning few who took the Dictum of the Master literally and seriously, will, I hope, earn me a niche beside him in the halls of Fame. Even in this connection I must acknowledge that "greatness was thrust upon me," and that I should probably have confined myself to giving moral support to the project, had not a female relative of mine (you are meant to read "female" with vindictive emphasis) while out for an afternoon walk, observed some vacant land, conceived the idea, arranged the tenancy and informed me over the tea-table the same day that I was one of those destined to save my country by the toil of my hands and the sweat of my brow—both very noble-sounding phrases, but euphemistic as I subsequently discovered. As I could not disappoint either my country or the lady in question, I made a virtue of necessity and worked myself into a state of tremendous enthusiasm, all of which I was to need ere long. Of my experiences I must write but briefly, though like the Ghost in "Hamlet," "I could a tale unfold . . ." My profound ignorance of the science of agriculture can be gauged by the fact that, when at last I had so reduced the jungle of grasses, weeds, bulrushes and gorse that I could commence to dig, I religiously extracted all the worms I came across, imaging them to be voracious devourers of garden produce, until I was enlightened by the owner of the neighbouring plot, who at first conjectured that I wanted them for a colossal fishing expedition. Which brings us to the subject of Advice.

The lesser agricultural fraternity are as a whole not a wealthy class, but that which is their's to give, the pearls of accumulated wisdom, they lose no opportunity of showering most generously upon the struggling novice. The trouble is that the pearls from the different sources seldom match, in fact, to drop a metaphor, they are often flatly contradictory, creating a dilemma for the hapless recipient, who must offend one of the other informants by appearing to ignore his advice. Which is naturally intolerable to one who, to use his own phrase, "'ave bin at the game this faarty year." A middle course, which might seem the solution to the inexperienced observer, usually bids fair to ruin your crop and bring down on your head the sorrowful reproaches of both advising parties, who do not fail to make you understand that they have cast their pearls before swine.

Which brings us to the subject of pigs, though in a manner not complimentary to the pig, a noble animal, who has suffered much by being confused in the public mind with the prig, a detestable creature and "no relation". My first venture into pig-keeping was ill-omened. I was justly proud of the palatial sty I had constructed for the pig's coming. Imagine my chagrin when I discovered that I had over-estimated the width of a six-weeks-old porker and had left half-an-inch too much space between the palings of the pen. The upshot was that, with entire consent and approval on its part, I had to feed it every two hours for the first fortnight in order to keep it in. I shall never keep one again. The memory of the look of deep reproach that that pig turned upon me as the butcher led him away will linger till my dying day. I felt as Judas felt, but my conscience fell short of his, and the thirty pieces of silver remained in my pocket.

It is hard to believe how agriculture played havoc with my emotions. I, who could weep over a pig led to the slaughter, could yet take a malicious delight in picking a slug or a caterpillar from the heart of one of my cabbages and pounding it to a jelly (very literally in the case of a slug), or in pulling a wireworm in halves, which is the recognised method of despatching them effectively. I knew the insidious torments of envy, when my neighbour's marrows attained gargantuan proportions almost in a night, while mine, in spite of all my faithful nursing and coaxing, languished and withered. I made the acquaintance of couch grass and despair simultaneously. My stock of profane expressions flourished and increased as the buttercup and thistle flourished and increased where peas were scheduled to appear. It is one of the curious paradoxes of nature that a plant which you wish to cultivate will refuse to grow, however much encouragement you give it, until you label it a weed and strive to eradicate it, whereupon it will derive new inspiration and vigour from your attacks and flourish mightily. You can grow grass on your flower-bed, but not on your lawn. So, too, with insect pests. They will feed avidly on any plant which man is growing for his own use, and brave naphthaline, paraffin, soapsuds and various dreadful poisons to get it, but serve them up the most succulent shoots of any of your weeds, and such of them as possess noses will wrinkle them in disgust. My life was one continual battle with a succession of weeds and insects.

That is the darker side, however. There was much to compensate for it. When I took home my first spring cabbage, I felt the exultation that Archimedes must have felt as he lept from his bath on a memorable occasion, though a pair of gum boots and the conventional articles of clothing made all the difference between my expression of it and his. I have never known anything give that smug sense of satisfied proprietorship so well as the contemplation of a few rows of vegetables for which you have fought a battle with nature and won, especially if you are a philosopher, for then your produce takes on a fundamental economic significance.

But enough! I am back at academic pursuits now with mixed feelings of sorrow and relief, and if I seem to dally absently with my lunch at Refec. it is not because I am a martyr to indigestion, but because for me a potato now has a social, moral and philosophical meaning, and a cabbage has a history, especially if it contains a caterpillar.



CELLULOID.

"WHAT'S ON at the Empire to-night?"



How often, hearing this cry at Hall every week-end, have I sought cover hastily. You see, I never mind telling people "what's on"—and I may say that I very rarely fail them in this respect—but I know that the inevitable sequel will be "What's it like?" or "Is it any good?" and that is a question I just hate

to answer.

It isn't that I haven't formed an opinion for myself as to the merits or otherwise of a certain film; nor is it that my taste in films is not a very wide and catholic one, but the fact remains that one man's meat is another's poison, a René Clair film is just a pain in the neck to an admirer of Clark (what a man!) Gable; the subtleties of Lubitsch are lost on a rabid Jackie Cooper fan, and whilst a Ralph Lynn comedy sends some people into fits of laughter, it only succeeds in sending other people into fits. Hence, if I am incautious enough to give my own opinion of the film, I am usually accused of having an atrocious taste in films or else being hand-in-glove with the management of the cinema at which the film I recommended was shown. Neither of which, I assure you, is true.

So, unless I know enough about my questioner's likes and dislikes (as is so easily done in Hall) I just say "Oliver Baldwin says it's rotten" and leave my seeker of knowledge to act according to his faith, or otherwise, in Oliver Baldwin. Or, more frequently still, I just take refuge in those two most useful words, "not bad."

And that brings me to the point of this article. The Editor came along to me the day before the *West Saxon* went to press, and said "We're still two pages short. You'll have to write something. And as the only thing you know anything about is films, you'll have to write about them." And the only reply to my objections that my opinion on films wouldn't interest anybody else was, "Well, we've got to fill those two pages, whether they read them or not!" So here they are; and that, together with what I said at the beginning, constitutes my only apology for writing this.

Well, a promise is a promise, so, of course, I had to look round for some films to talk about. I decided, first of all, that it would be better to limit myself to films I have actually seen, although anybody who knows me will tell you that I can talk for hours on films I know nothing about. Secondly, I must deal with films likely to have been seen by most of you people fairly recently; and as Southampton, much to its discredit, is very late in securing general releases, I found my range very much circumscribed.

I think I should head the list with "A Nous la Liberté," the René Clair film recently shown by the Film Society, not because I enjoyed it any more than the others I shall mention, but because its technique (oh, dreaded word!) is so superior, and because it is a real film and not a photographed play or novel. In fact, when you come to consider it, there isn't much story there at all. Most of its force lies in its good-natured but biting satire on mass-production and its prison-like hold on its employees, but strangely enough, it is only afterwards when "recollecting it in tranquility" that we realise its full flavour. At the moment we are carried along at too breathless a rate by its easy light-hearted flow and intense speed, to which intelligent use of music, sparseness of dialogue and artistic brilliance of direction all contribute. Without getting all highbrow, I think I can say with perfect sincerity that "A Nous la Liberté" is a pure example of screen art at its furthest from the drama or the novel, with all their conventions and limitations.

On the other hand, I should like to cite "Cavalcade" as the pre-eminent example of a really successful adaptation of a stage play. I do agree most heartily that it is an outstanding film from all points of view, but that its merits are those of the original play, and all credit is due to Frank Lloyd, its director, for adhering so closely to the original and not allowing, except on one occasion, the technique of the cinema to obscure the terseness of the drama as Noel Coward conceived it. How would the delightful cameos of the earlier portions of the film, or the intensely moving masterpiece in little of the "Titanic" have missed their mark had the director of the film had the mentality which seems characteristic of movie directors in Hollywood and Elstree alike, instead of enough foresight to leave it to the genius of the "first Noel" even to the extent of filming the entire Drury Lane show for the purposes of checking up.

The result of this ultra-conscientiousness on the director's part—is it necessary to add that he is an Englishman?—is a magnificent, if at times depressing, pageant of the mind of England during the opening three decades of the twentieth century, unspoilt, as it might easily have been, and as so many "epics" based on British history have been, by intense and narrow patriotism—(and perhaps the fact that it is Hollywood-made has been an advantage here)—and we can well imagine how New York took it to its heart, standing in reverent silence as "Auld Lang Syne" gave way to the National Anthem in that splendid conclusion.

The other day, having a free period, as we poor students occasionally do, I strolled into the Common Room for some relaxation. I found it in the pages of a magazine from another College. To my delight I found it was one of these progressive magazines—in other words, it had a page devoted to films, and sensible criticism at that. I was much struck, however, by one statement that brought home to me what I had scarcely realised before—that "Cavalcade," with its terrible picture of the jazz-ridden age of the Twentieth Century Blues, leaves neglected the finest side of English life—that depicted in "The Good Companions." As it happens, I saw "Cavalcade" and "The Good Companions" both within the space of a week, and although I can pick holes in the direction and treatment of the latter, I should not care to say which film I enjoyed more. I can say, however, that "The Good Companions" is one of the few British films ever made with any real intelligence. I could rave for hours—and have done—at the way in which the film depicts the England we all love in our romantic way, where the past still lingers in the present, where the concert party, though somewhat changed from the "if wet in the Town Hall" days, is yet ever true to the old traditions. . . . As I say, I could go on like that for hours, but I'll spare you that.

Suffice it to say, then, that "The Good Companions," though somewhat inevitably patchy as regards continuity, especially in the first half, is rattling good entertainment for everybody. Personally, and this goes for many other College people also, who have mentioned the film to me, the most entertaining part was the glimpse of Inigo Jolifant's school life. Shades of hostel! Tell me, please, you dabblers in psychology, is this anything to do with a repressed desire to go and do likewise?

I feel I ought at this point to talk about "stars" a bit. The highbrows who go to the pictures to be entertained have been catered for. Now must I away to the common herd, who sleep with the profile of John Barrymore or the eyes of la belle Shearer with their majestic cast, keeping watch o'er their bed-sides; who buy the latest "Film Weekly" if it has a new portrait of Ramon Novarro, and who ape the latest fashions as worn by Garbo herself, discarding them an hour later if they hear that Kay Francis has something much "nattier." For them I can only say, "Bless you, my dears; go ahead, cherish your day dreams, and still remain faithful to Jean

Harlow though she be divorced six times " (and should anyone be impertinent enough to ask me why at the present moment a photo of Jean adorns my walls, I will say to him (or her) that otherwise my wall would look so awfully bare and dull.

So, like Cedric Belfrage, if anyone were to ask me who my favourite actor was, I should reply " Mickey Mouse," and should that answer not suffice, I should add " and after him, some of the lesser luminaries who in their time play many parts, but rarely are promoted to a place on the programme." Should anyone, seeking further, ask " What of Lionel Barrymore, George Arliss, Conrad Veidt, Edmund Gwenn?" I should answer, firmly but politely, that these are not, in my humble opinion, real actors. George Arliss has already exhausted the number of parts he can play, Veidt and Barrymore have not exhausted theirs, but they allow individual mannerisms to creep into their parts, so that one can say, " This is not the Wandering Jew, but it is Conrad Veidt as the Wandering Jew. This is not Rasputin, but Lionel Barrymore as Rasputin." And even Edmund Gwenn, finest actor on the screen, has his own individual style, for the Jess Oakroyd of the " Good Companions " is 25% Priestley, 75% Gwenn, for good or bad.

As for the ladies, bless 'em, I prefer to keep my peace.

May I add, that if any of you are in doubt as to who wrote this article, just shout out " What's on at the Empire to-night ?" and watch me dash for cover.



CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

We swing ungirded hips
And lightened are our eyes ;
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.—*C. H. Sorley.*

THE LAST WALTZ.

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim.—*Herrick.*

V. J. B-RN-S.

He heard it but he heeded not ; his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away.—*Byron.*

R. B-TCH-R.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.—*Moore.*

ADIEUX À MES ÉTUDIANTS.



I vous ai dit parfois mots bien amers
Mes frères,
Ne versez pourtant pas de grands pleurs
Sur vos cœurs.
Si vous ai dit la vérité
Trop bien-aimée,
Allez, ne songez plus qu'au doux bonheur
De toutes ces heures
Qu'en votre très jeune Université,
Ensemble nous avons passées.

Adoncque, vive cette vieille Cage;
Vive sez tristes ou joyeux matins.
Nous y avons été très sages:
Ma foi, tant pis pour le Malin!

RÉPONSE.

Si nous sommes un peu trop endormis,
Cher ami,
Pendant que votre voix la vérité
Nous a versée,
Si, ainsi que des vaches espagnoles,
Nous tentâmes,—désir bien fol,—
De balbutier
Le doux français, ça ne vous fâche pas,
N'est—ce pas?

Alors adieu, et surtout bonne chance,
Vous laissez dans ces lieux de bons amis;
Emportez avec vous, dans votre France,
Nos souvenirs, nos vœux let mieux sentis.

NOTE. It is with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret that we are able to print the above poem by Mons. Ritz, and a reply by a student of this College.—ED.



CAMPS FOR MEN.



HIS is the title of the first publication of the Universities' Council for Unemployed Camps. The Council was formed after the first summer camp this year, when 85 lads (ages 16-22), from Bristol and South Wales industrial areas, were taken to camp at Eastnor, Herefordshire, for six weeks from June 18th to July 28th. The whole scheme was organised and carried out by members of Westcott House, Cambridge, under the direction of Michael Sims-Williams. They were supported financially by the National Council for Social Service, the Industrial Christian Fellowship, and a number of very generous individuals.

The idea of the camp is perhaps set out best in the preface of "Camps for Men"; it says:—"The major problem of the unemployed is not our immediate concern. But it is imperative to recognise that whereas the solution of the unemployment problem would remove the problem of 'demoralisation,' yet the question of morale cannot be allowed to wait till the major problem is solved, or there will remain thousands of men who have not weathered the storm, and for them, at least, 'solution' will be impossible. Unemployment is breaking men. It is useless to await a world recovery in trade if the human lives involved are already wrecked."

The camp proved to be a very good remedy to such evils arising out of unemployment. We all sympathise with the lot of the unemployed, and are thankful that there is, at least, the "dole." Then the subject seems to be closed and we feel powerless to help any more. But are we powerless? It seems not, from the results of the camp.

Here then is offered an opportunity for men who will spare a month in the summer to help in spreading the type of camp which has proved to be of inestimable value, so that there may be no "depressed areas" in this country which has not the benefit of one or more of these camps. The scheme is suitable for a large number of professional men, but it is perhaps specially applicable to University men who still enjoy the luxury of a "long vacation." They have the leisure and the ability with a little direction to make a valuable contribution to the nation's need. We do not suggest that it is an easy job. Much is demanded of a volunteer, but the opportunity is worthy of effort, and the work is its own reward. "Efficiency" and red tape have to be ruled out: the man who enjoys "bossing people about" is perfectly useless with the type of lad dealt with, and when the object of the camp is remembered. The man who will work alongside his men, take his meals with them and, without burdening himself upon them, generally interest himself in their activities, is the man who makes a successful leader. It is not everybody's job, but it is one which is waiting for men who modestly think themselves unsuitable.

The scheme is now before us. All that remains is for men to come forward to help, and organise a camp run from U.C.S. for lads from the Docks area, Bristol London or elsewhere. A note to H. L. Creeth will bring any information asked for.

G. G. WH-T-H-D.

I should be exquisitely miserable without the hope of soon seeing you.—*Keats*.

P. B. H-M- AND MISS A. M. C-L-I-NS.

(a) Rejoice we are allied.—*Browning*.

(b) I've tired you already.—*Southerne*.

"MRS. MOONLIGHT."



"**MRS. Moonlight**," a piece of pastiche in three acts by Benn W. Levy, was the title of the play produced by the Stage Society this year. Evidently the play has achieved some modicum of fame or notoriety, for it finds a place, side by side with "Journey's End" and that curiously perverted psychological study of youth, "Young Woodley," in a well-known volume called "Famous Plays of To-day." Whether this latter consideration influenced the committee of the Stage Society in their choice we are unable to say, but if this was not the reason, we fail to see why such a "moonshine" piece as this should have been thought fit to be presented to a student audience, by a student cast, in what we like to think is a very modern College.

"Mrs. Moonlight" was not worthy of the effort put into its production; nor was it worthy of the intellect of the members of this College. The plot is ridiculous and artificial. It is based upon the curious fantasy of a woman never growing older in looks as the years pass by, who remains as beautiful and youthful at seventy-five as she does at twenty-one. Perhaps we could accept this, and enter into the spirit of the illusion, difficult as it is in an age where the members of the cast wear dress-suits and read the evening papers, if the author had given us something else as well. The "something" that is missing is character. Intricate plots and cleverly arranged situations alone cannot make a play; even witty, epigrammatic dialogue added to this is not sufficient if the characters themselves are lacking in marked individuality, and if no clear picture is obtained by the audience of their innermost thoughts. Great plays can sometimes be made out of extraordinarily bad plots; in fact Shakespeare himself was so careless in this respect, that we more humble mortals who worship him from a distance, wonder how he could have been so thoughtless in choosing his stories when he took such great pains with his characters. This is a curious fact, but it proves the point. What we expect to see on the stage are not gorgeous scenic effects; not a lot of pretty women with faces all alike and minds about as dissimilar as two peas; but a number of characters cut out from life with that little bit of extra individuality added to them which makes them into personalities rather than types. This is where "Mrs. Moonlight" fails. Let those who saw the play ask themselves this question, "Which of the characters of this play are indelibly stamped upon my memory? Which of them remains, in my mind's eye, as an individual as distinct from a type, and can be added to my large stock of fictitious persons who live for me as truly and actively as anyone I know in real life?" I think the answer will be "No one." Apart from Minnie, who is an admirable sketch of a rather impudent, but yet faithful, Scotch maid, none of the characters of the play have any outstanding qualities. Even the heroine, Sarah Moonlight, we cannot accept, for she is, as she herself admits, only a freak. Real humanity she somehow lacks.

Such criticism is severe and justifiably so. In the past the attitude taken towards College productions has not been critical enough; praise has been given where it was undeserved, and an enthusiasm has been worked up which has been quite incongruous. We want to alter that attitude, and build up a proper appreciative spirit in regard to the plays presented, and the standard of the acting in College. That is why we give this judgment upon "Mrs. Moonlight." We realise that the play has many virtues; that it is quite entertaining; that the dialogue is usually good; that there is a happy distribution of comic and tragic elements; and that the third act in particular has much that is noble in it. But we still hold firm to our former remarks that the play lacks the essentials of well-delineated characters, and when added to this is that vein of sentimentality, which, in the last act especially, competes with the tragedy, then we feel justified in saying that it is not a play suitable for performance

by students before a student audience. If anyone replies that the play is performed for the sake of other people besides students, our answer is that the students comes first ; it is their production, their efforts are put into it, and it is they who make it a success or a failure.

Bearing in mind the type of play " Mrs. Moonlight " is, we must congratulate the Society on a very creditable, though by no means outstanding performance. The acting on the whole was generally good, although it never achieved great heights. There is just one weakness, however, which we cannot help mentioning, for we feel that it is a weakness which is common to nearly all amateur productions, but which is by no means irremediable. We refer to a general stiffness and artificiality, and a most noticeable feeling that the actors were acting rather than living their parts. One got the impression that after A had said his lines, he just stood there until B had finished speaking, and then went on again as if the whole thing were mechanical rather than real. The result was that there were sometimes scenes, such as in Act Three, where two people were talking, while the rest just stood round, for what seemed an incredibly long time, looking like a lot of puppets. In instances such as this that little extra polish would have made all the difference ; would have made that comment, " Quite good, but rather amateurish," which one so often hears, impossible.

Just a word about individuals. Miss D. S. Chard in the title role had a very difficult part to play, and one which, we feel, is a little beyond the powers of the average amateur. After some hesitancy at the beginning, where, it seems to us, she slightly misinterpreted the part by being too restrained, she acted very well, although she never dominated the stage as she should have done. The last act was not as tense as the author meant it to be ; just that degree of tragic power was missing in her acting.

H. C. Wood as Tom Moonlight gave a good performance of a rather ready-made part. In the comic scenes he was not so impressive, and showed that stiffness in his acting that we have mentioned, but in the last scene as the old man he was very good indeed. His facial expression especially deserves praise.

Miss L. M. Hurford as Edith Jones, the sister of Sarah Moonlight, made the most out of a small and not very inspiring part. As a prim and proper Victorian middle-aged lady she looked very imposing and spoke her lines clearly and with conviction.

Miss K. M. Radmore gave an adequate performance of the perfectly characterless part of Jane Moonlight, while L. V. G. Symes as the slow and dull-witted lover added some excellent comedy.

The other lover, Willie Ragg, taken by E. L. Polston, was supposed to be a gay, careless young fool with the distinction of having been sacked from Harrow, and having been discharged from four or five jobs in his short life-time. After a perfect entry Polston seemed to have forgotten who he was supposed to represent, and gave the impression that Willie Ragg was really not such a bad fellow after all. The part was not sufficiently over-acted.

A special word of praise is due to Miss B. M. White for her portrayal of Minnie. She acted with great confidence and knowledge of her part and maintained her Scotch accent remarkably well throughout.

S. Tiller Jones gave an adequate performance as Peter, although we would not have thought that he had just come down from Oxford had he not told us so.

On the whole the Stage Society can congratulate themselves on making the best of a not very good play. It is not our business to give advice, but we should like to suggest that they try to find more suitable and popular plays in the future. They may like to act to a small and select audience, and before rows and rows of empty chairs. If so they cannot blame us if they find themselves at a financial loss.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,



HAD thought that with the passing of many of the two-year certificate people from College, one of the greatest blemishes on our corporate life would die a natural death. I refer, sir, to the undoubted snobbishness which had existed for some time amongst a relatively small section of students, who considered themselves, by reason of the mere accident of a difference of course, to be intellectually superior to their fellow students. Lest you should jump to any conclusions, let me hasten to assure you that I am not nursing a personal grievance; the mere fact that I have already been at this College for three years should indicate that I have not been subjected to any personal affront myself on the score of a so-called intellectual inferiority; but it seems to me that someone must at last take up the cudgels in an endeavour to stamp out this foolish snobbery.

Last year it was painfully noticeable that there was in many respects a distinct cleavage between the "mob" on the one hand, and the "intellectuals" on the other. That there was some little excuse must be admitted; the two-year people were a little rough and ready, but since, apart from a few glorious exceptions, we four-year students made no attempt to bridge any original gap, the blame must lie with us. Furthermore, even amongst the best and friendliest people, there was a distinct tendency, unconsciously perhaps, to look down on, or even completely to ignore, the working classes. I remember in particular one debate, that on the influence of the press, in which quite sensible people refused to consider the question from any other point of view than that of the student, and, in spite of having their attention drawn to the problem of the working classes, continued entirely to leave them out of account. And the conversation of a section of the men was at times even more explicitly contemptuous.

Alas for my hopes. The serpent is still with us. The superior person with the superior education is still rampant, possibly even more so, as College, losing many of its sons and daughters of the true working class, gradually draws itself to one side. I shudder to think what will happen to some of these snobs when they come into contact with the world. Thank heaven that the working men will never have the friendship of such people. I do not intend to mince matters; the thing is too dangerous a canker for it to be treated gently. It is simply damnable to think that insularity, that vice of the English, should run riot to such an extent as to cause men made in the same likeness to choose to cut themselves off from one another merely because of accidents of birth and education.

Let the snob pause but a moment to consider the tantalizing "if"; to remember that many of the "inferiors" would, given an equal opportunity, leave his often mythical intellectual achievement far behind (and incidentally it must be admitted probably fall an easy prey to the same disease); let him imagine the position reversed, think, shudder, and remember ever afterwards.

Thank God the general College tone is extremely healthy, and the suspected section is but small. Let us be warned in time, and check any possible spread of the malady.

Yours sincerely,

P. J.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

I read with a great deal of interest an article in last term's issue entitled "The Board of Education and Communism." I thought that it showed an insight and thought rare, if I may say so, in the average student of this College. Witness, for example, the opinion expressed at a recent meeting of the Political Club—that we should not, in social matters, consider our bodies but our souls! What right, sir, have we to consider our souls in this time of social stress? Have not the bodies of the poverty-stricken, the sick and suffering, a prior claim on our attention? Personally, I doubt whether anyone capable of such thoughts can possess a soul. And the smug, self-satisfied complacency behind such an opinion betrays the superficiality of the mind that conceived it. But perhaps even such as these will see the flaw in our social order when they join the ranks of the unemployed teachers, for you may know that within three years there will probably be some 9,000 of these. In order to provide funds for the increasing Army and Navy expenditure, the country's children must be crowded into still bigger classes, must suffer still greater hardships when their parents are unable to obtain Unemployment relief. One cannot help but think that a Government which can do this is not a very far-seeing one, to put it mildly. We have also to consider the reduced grants to intending teachers. Our whole system compares very unfavourably with that of Russia, where education, even at the Universities, is free to all. If Communism can effect this, the sooner we all imbibe the Communist doctrine the better it will be for us and for the generations to come.

"LIBER."

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

As a poor but ambitious student of logic, I am amazed by the confusion of the moral and the expedient in the minds of the powers that regulate our times. I am saddened by the absence of consistency in their rulings.

I have no desire to dance on Saturday evenings, but, if I am forbidden to do so, I want to know why. If I am told that it is because I must work, I am amused. Obviously, since I work during the rest of the week, I will spend my time at the cinema, or walking the streets, but the suggestion that I should instead be working, I can understand and appreciate. Age has lost its Saturdays, and cannot vicariously grasp the very British virtue of making high holiday of the Hebrew Sabbath. Age is concerned, not with humanity, but with examination results.

But when I am told that entertainments in our Halls of Residence disrupt the corporate life of our College, I am puzzled and a little indignant. Either this is an argument for more soirées, or else it is nonsense. The corporate value of my cinema lounging and street-walking is not very evident. Must one be thrust into the temptations of a city's night-life in the name of "corporate spirit"?

Perhaps our morals are being safeguarded. Perhaps it is dangerously exciting to spend one evening a week with members of the other sex to the strains of soft music. If this is considered to be the case, then let us be told so. And then we will have no entertainments at all, for is one dance less dangerous than two?

Even so is Highfield more dangerous than High Street?

The underlying motives are thus discernible for all their confusion. Examinations must be passed, and distractions must be eliminated, an intelligible position, though it does ignore the fact that we work much harder than the average University student, and that failures are due almost equally to our own incompetence and the unsuitability of much of our teaching. Examinations must be passed for publicity's sake, to ensure the financial future of the College.

But lurking behind expediency is the Puritan, with his gospel of work and his hatred of sex. Co-education is dangerous. If it finds social expression it is sinful. But, co-education with us is a fact. We can only drive it underground, into foolish sentimentality, maddening emotional tension, surreptitious adventures under the cover of dusk. So it is with all repression, however masked with fair excuses.

Let us think straight. We have examinations to pass. We are men and women. Let us work for five days and five evenings, and let us enjoy our Saturdays together. It is a sign of grace that we prefer Highfield to High Street. We resent being driven into the streets, or locked into our study-bedrooms when we need rest and change. Above all, let these things be presented logically. Are we being forced to be academically successful, are we being forced to be good, or are we just being forced?

Sincerely and conventionally,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

MISS E. W-S-M-N.

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.—*Landor*.



H.W.L.



RUSSELL HALL.

RUSSELL HALL, as a body leads what might be termed a rather spasmodic existence, since of necessity its members do not have opportunities of functioning in a corporate manner except on very rare occasions. During this first term of the session we have burst into one such "spasm" of life. On October 21st we entertained Montefiore Hall and Highfield Juniors, and from the variety of comments received we are sufficiently presumptuous to infer that "it wasn't such a bad show."

However, all members please note: (i) it would have been a much greater success if 100% of you had turned up; (ii) you (word "you" quite intentional) are entertaining Highfield Seniors early next term, and the whole "host" and not a mere 50% of "him" is expected to turn up!

J. F. A. G.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

Despite the apprehension experienced at the beginning of this session owing to a marked decrease in numbers, we feel justified in stating that Montefiore Hall has kept its head considerably above water.

Our humble abode, which bears the proud title of "Montefiore Room after 1 p.m.," has once more witnessed the ancient ceremony of Freshers' Tea. On the first Friday of this term the Freshers were even more cordially welcomed than usual, although their name was not legion; after tea and an address by our Warden, the new members were duly sworn in with the few remaining College songs.

In counting our many blessings, may we thank both Russell Hall and New Hall for giving us such enjoyable entertainment on Oct. 21st and Nov. 4th. Taking advantage of our festive mood, we entertained New Hall on the following Saturday, and we can only hope that they enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

Although this year we are to be disappointed of our usual Friday entertainment, we hope to see Russell Hall on Dec. 18th.

So far, therefore, Montefiore Hall is progressing peacefully, taking part in all the more harmless College activities, especially in athletics. May we still continue to do so, and with the support of all our members, add another successful year to the annals of the Hall.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

The corporate life of Highfield is much curtailed this term. As we gaze on the closed windows of top north we are reminded of those whose ringing voices, cheerful laughter, and heavy footsteps were so much a part of the life of Highfield. Only once was the ghostly silence broken. Once more friendly lights shone through uncurtained windows : once more top north was alive. Alas ! only for a fortnight were the bright young things from Sarum in our midst.

Then silence reigned again, broken by intermittent screams from the "nursery," the rushing hither and thither of eager freshers. But in spite of their exuberant vitality they are interesting, and interested in all branches of College life, academic and otherwise.

We regret we cannot return this term the much-appreciated hospitality which has been extended to us by New Hall and Russell Hall, but we hope to give them a hearty though belated welcome next term.

K. M. H.

NEW HALL.

New Hall has now begun on the third year of its existence, and it is not without some justifiable pride that we look back to our achievements in the past two sessions. Much has happened in our short but eventful lifetime. We have had a revolution within our doors ; we have exhibited our prowess in games to the disadvantage of our opponents in Stoneham and Russell ; and we have produced the President of the Union for two years in succession. A large measure of our success we have all felt was due to our late Warden, Dr. Lawton, and it was with great regret that we bade him good-bye at the end of last term. At the same time, we take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to our new Warden, Mr. F. W. Anderson, who, we all feel, will join with us in building up the traditions of New Hall.

Socially we have fulfilled our obligations for the term, and we fear for the year, by entertaining Highfield and Montefiore Seniors on Nov. 4th. We were also entertained by Montefiore on Nov. 11th, and we should like to thank them for the very jolly evening they gave us.

This Term we have acquired something for which we have constantly agitated, namely, a coal fire in the J.C.R. Those who know how cold our rooms can sometimes be, and how dispiriting it is to see no means of visible heating at all, or for that matter to feel any, realise what a blessing this is to us. For this "home comfort" we have largely to thank our new Warden.

Other than this we have nothing to report. The fact that we are very much alive and kicking, as the "baby" among the Halls of Residence should be, is, we think, self-evident, and does not need emphasis.





BOAT CLUB.

ONCE again University College, Southampton, B.C. has commenced its programme under the all-pervading aroma of the sewage farm on the calm waters of the Itchen.

The First VIII defeated East London College over a mile and a quarter course on the Itchen by six lengths. Bristol's First IV were defeated by a quarter of a length over a mile course; but, unfortunately, the Second IV went down by half a length over three quarters of a mile. This victory over Bristol is commendable by the fact that our esteemed Captain and stroke is on holiday with tonsillitis.

The Second and Third VIII's race East London crews on the Thames on Dec. 2nd, while next term our fixtures are King's and Bristol on the Itchen, and University College, London, and the Head of the River Race on the Thames.

Once again we must record our deep gratitude and appreciation to our indefatigable President and coach, Mr. Casson, who spends three half-days a week patiently explaining that races cannot be won by "B.F. and B.I." alone.

CROSS COUNTRY.

Although the team has suffered severely from the loss of nearly all its last year's members, it has been fortunate in gaining four new recruits who are shaping well and who provide much hope for the future welfare of the Club. Apart from Brown, who has improved immensely and who has taken Harley's place as the leader of the team, there is no one of outstanding merit, but a splendid pack has been formed, and our packing has won for us several matches whose issue seemed doubtful. So far we have won two-thirds of our matches. Results:—

1.	Oct. 14	R.A.F., Calshot (h.)	Lost	83—56
2.	Oct. 21	Winchester T.C. (a.)	Won	62—75
3.	Oct. 28	R.N. and R.M., Portsmouth (h.)	Lost	104—44
4.	Nov. 1	R.A.F., Worthydown (h.)	Won	35—44
5.	Nov. 8	Portsmouth Municipal College (a.)	Won	15—47
6.	Nov. 15	R.A.F., Andover (h.)	Won	36—41

W. G.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

The season so far has been one of outstanding success. The Club, under difficult circumstances, has been fielding four XI's fairly regularly, the difficulty in this respect being due to the fact that we have only one pitch at our disposal. The fact that we have about fifty men who are keen to play soccer regularly, but cannot, because only one pitch is available, is a serious matter, and we sincerely hope that it will receive consideration, and be remedied in the near future.

The increase in the number of men wishing to play soccer has been accompanied by a gratifying improvement in the standard of play of all XI's, the 1st XI particularly finding themselves too strong for their usual opponents. In fact, we can confidently say that no previous College team has had a better chance than our present 1st XI of reaching the final round of the U.A.U. Championship.

The total number of games played at present by all XI's is 24, 19 of which have been won; all the nine 1st XI games have been won, and, with one exception, by large margins.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The 1st XI started the season in a very promising manner at the County Tournament, which was held on Oct. 28th at Bar End, Winchester. We played four matches, all of which we won, while we scored 6 goals as compared with 0 scored against us. Since then we have won two matches, drawn one and lost one. On the whole the team gives promise of a fairly successful season, although we still lack the confidence which our goalkeeper and captain inspired in us. We very much regret her resignation, and would like to express our appreciation of her untiring efforts for the W.H.C.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The commencement of another season found us viewing with concern the numerous gaps left in our ranks by the departure of some six of our First XI stalwarts. Fortunately, however, we had quite a rush of "Fresher" talent, and although the team cannot be said, as yet, to reach the standard set by last year's XI, they are certainly improving rapidly now. So much so that we are hopeful of improving upon last year's record and of doing better in both ordinary and University fixtures, in spite of the fact that we shall be without the services of our captain, Shannon, at Exeter. The record for the 1st XI to date is:—

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Goals</i>	
					<i>Against</i>	
8	5	3	0	20	19	S. H. Y.





THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.



HIS session finds the Chemical Society in its second year of rejuvenation. The enthusiasm of last session has been maintained, with the result that to date we have enjoyed three very successful meetings.

The Presidential Address delivered by Prof. D. R. Boyd gave the Society an excellent start. "The Birth of the Valency Theory" proved, as expected, a very interesting topic, and as the sub-title—"A glance at the Life and Work of Kekule"—suggested, Dr. Boyd gave us an insight into the manner in which Kekule went about his work.

Mr. A. F. Millidge made his initial appearance (so he explained) as a Lecturer, with a talk on "The Quantitative Microanalysis of Organic Substances." The lecturer explained very clearly the technique required for the various estimations performed in such analysis. In spite of the difficulties encountered, we felt that Microanalysis is somewhat more interesting than the more common type of Quantitative Analysis with which we are so familiar.

The third lecture, on "High Pressure—An Aid to Chemical Reaction," was given by Dr. D. V. N. Hardy, a former lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry at U.C.S. Dr. Hardy, who is engaged in Research on High Pressure Reactions, gave an account of the recent work on the subject performed in the Government laboratories at Teddington. The lecture was well illustrated with lantern slides and photographs, and we are greatly indebted to Dr. Hardy for giving such an interesting talk on a subject of great industrial importance.

The final lecture of the term will be given on Dec. 1st, when we shall be privileged to hear Dr. A. R. Todd, of Oxford University, speaking on "The Colouring Matters of Bacteria and Fungi"—a branch of research in which he is at present engaged.

Four meetings will be held next term, and it is hoped that the large attendances will be as consistent as they have been during the present term.

M. F. S.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The term opened with the Freshers' Debate on Saturday, Oct. 14th, the motion being "That Jazz is not Music." Mr. Symes, Miss Stallard and Miss Schalling spoke for the motion; Mr. Delaney, Miss Clare and Miss Clark opposed it. In the open

debate Mr. Addis gave a practical demonstration with the piano to show that real jazz contains beauty and harmony ; this unusual argument carried the house by storm, and the motion was lost by 106 votes to 22. At the end of this meeting the President, Mr. Brumby, made an appeal for the Debating Hall Building Fund. The Secretary takes this opportunity of thanking all contributors, but would like to point out that, so far, no Junior men have yet subscribed.

The Staff Debate took place on Thursday, Oct. 26th. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Principal, the chair was taken, at very short notice, by Prof. Pinto. In proposing " That the Organisation of Work is of more value than the Organisation of Leisure," Mr. Stone stressed the importance of organising work as the supreme problem of the present age ; he attributed the desire to organise other people's leisure to English puritanism, and concluded by warning the house against shirts, symbols of organisation. Mr. Cameron, who opened the case for the opposition, quoted popular newspaper advertisements to show how the capitalist was exploiting the leisure of jaded workers ; rational leisure must be organised to save these people from a dream-life of phantasy.

Miss Holley, seconding the proposition, deplored the cheerful uplift being imposed on the worker by the B.B.C. ; and Mr. Tyerman, for the opposition, pointed out that the proposers themselves were not free to spend leisure as they wished ; leisure now nullifies itself and must be organised. The motion was carried by 58 votes to 49.

The third debate, on the motion " That this House approves of Brighter Clothes for Men," took place on Nov. 10th ; proposed by Misses Stallard, Eyden and Donnelly ; opposed by Messrs. Mackenzie, Rackham, and Robson. On the whole the debate was very disappointing. The motion was lost by 17 votes to 16.

There has been no difficulty in obtaining speakers this session, but the debates themselves have been lacking in vigour and enthusiasm ; it must be admitted, too, that the women have been superior to the men, and are far more willing to speak, in public, than ever before in the Society's history ; this is probably due to practice obtained at the debates held at Highfield.

At the beginning of the term a team of four, Messrs. H. Miles, Pearcy, Ruffell, and G. White, were the guests of Alton Debating Society. Miss Shields went to Exeter in November. Our own Inter-Varsity Debate will be held on Feb. 2nd.

A Literary Meeting was held at New Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 15th, to discuss the merits of European poetry. Despite the great width of the subject the speakers presented admirable short surveys of their case. Prof. Pinto claimed for English poetry a scope and variety unequalled in any modern literature ; Mr. Lucas allowed the claim, but thought that Goethe was the greatest of all modern poets ; Mr. Brumby admitted that French poetry could not compete with English or German, because of the nature of the French language, and because the Frenchman does not lay his heart open to the public in verse. Dr. Lawton, Dr. Heinrichsdorff, and M. Laur also spoke. The time passed so quickly that discussion was impossible ; it is proposed to hold a meeting for discussion only before the end of term. The revival of the literary side of the Club has proved a great success ; it is hoped that everyone will attend, prepared to read, and to air his likes and dislikes ; the informal nature of these discussions should add to their popularity. We express our gratitude to the Wardens of Highfield and New Hall, who make these friendly gatherings possible.

J. V. R.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

(UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON, BRANCH).

We are cheered to find so many Freshers interested in the Movement this year, taking the place of those who have gone down.

This term we have endeavoured to make our corporate prayers the real centre of our fellowship and of our activity, and the result so far has been encouraging. Study groups have been organised in each of the Halls as usual, and seem to interest those who attend. The Bible Study at College in Thursday lunch hours also appears to be much appreciated and to be of great use.

Feeling that there was a real need in College for a social, not mainly composed of dancing, the committee of the S.C.M. decided to organise one to meet this want. It was such a success that students may expect more in the future, not only from the S.C.M. but from other organisations as well.

We were very pleased to have Moira Neill, one of the travelling secretaries from headquarters, with us for a few days to help and advise us, and we are expecting a visit from Eric Fenn, the study secretary, on Dec. 4th.

All students are cordially invited to all meetings of the S.C.M., and we hope all members will support its activities as much as they are able.

J. L. M. E.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY AND CARNegie INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

Meetings of the Society are held in the Music Studio at 1.20 p.m. on Fridays. The library, of which members are encouraged to make full use, is in Room 13.

Dr. Ford spoke to the first general meeting of the term, at which we welcomed many new members, on the aims and work of the League.

On Oct. 27th Herr Praetorius defended the German National Socialist Party. This was greatly appreciated by a crowded meeting, and it is hoped that other students may be persuaded to follow his example and speak during the session.

We are grateful to Professor Cave-Browne-Cave for so ably leading the first of a series of discussions on Disarmament, when he discussed "The Influence of Aircraft on War." This series is to be continued in the remainder of meetings this term.

It is encouraging to notice the increased membership this year, but we would ask people to note the fact that although the members have increased, the number of subscriptions paid has not increased accordingly. We hope this will be remedied.

A. M. C.

CADET RANGER COMPANY.

This term we are seriously handicapped by the loss of the greater part of the Company now departed this academic life, and we would welcome more new members. The Company is open to all Guides who wish to keep in touch with the movement while at College, and to any who wish to join for the first time.

We hold meetings on alternate Thursdays at 5.15 and indulge in outdoor activities as time and weather permits. Some members of the Company also assist in the running of Companies in the town where such help is urgently needed.

A. M. C.

POLITICAL CLUB.

Since the repressive measures against free speech which have been taken at Oxford and in London have not been imitated by the authorities at Southampton, the Political Club has continued its successful career without interference. The discussions up to the sixth week of term have centred mainly round the virtues and vices of revolution and dictatorship, Fascist or Communist, and audiences averaging over a hundred in number have shown themselves overwhelmingly antagonistic to the violence of these phenomena. So far as can be deduced from these discussions, the increasingly large politically conscious section of the student body is firmly liberal, believing in democratic institutions and the indispensable justice of majority rule through Parliament.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the Club's activities and influence has been the effect of its enthusiasm on the audiences of societies holding kindred discussions, such as the L.N.U., and above all the penumbra of informal discussion in and about the College and the Halls. The Club has undoubtedly justified its foundation.

Mr. Leishman opened the first discussion on "Fascism in Germany" ably and provocatively before a large and enthusiastic audience. For the next two discussions, outside speakers were called upon for the first time. A black-shirted Fascist from the Mosley headquarters in London found the Club sceptical and amused, whilst John Gibbons, of the local Communist Party, aroused much more feeling, both friendly and hostile. With scant exception, these speakers were treated with complete courtesy, and their efforts were gratefully appreciated.

Before the term ends there will be ranged beside the Fascist and the Communist on the Club's platform, first a Greenshirt and then a Cabinet Minister (by courtesy of the Conservative Association).

The Club still stands for no political principle beyond that of "free speech and no favour." Familiar gaps have been filled in discussion, and we have been treated to an interesting example of political conversion.

CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club is at present indulged in the unhappy occupation of team constructing. This undertaking is rendered more difficult by the fact that, apart from a few solid regulars, our teams contain different players each week. It is hoped that consistency will develop and that we can soon present the same team at least two matches together.

Notwithstanding, the "A" team has not been beaten definitely as yet, and made a very creditable draw with Southampton after two games had been adjudicated in our favour. The "B" and "C" teams have fared rather worse, but it is hoped they will pull up with practice.

This year also we were not so successful in the Southampton League Lightning Tournament as we were last year, when we carried off both team and individual prizes. Our "A" and "B" teams were this year placed third and fourth respectively in Section I of the Tournament.

Our "C" team performance in Section II was very disappointing. We are looking forward to the 1st Round of the Robertson Cup, which is shortly to take place. We have entered two teams, and our "A" team should do rather well.

Once again we have to thank the Russell men, who are our mainstay, and form the bulk of our "A" team.

Internally this year it is hoped to run a Chess Ladder. Details of this will be available later. Also, if possible, our President, Vine, and other members will give short lunch-hour talks and demonstrations on various openings in the game.

In closing, we would like to ask all team members to turn out as regularly as possible in order that we may consolidate our teams.

S. W. B.

STAGE SOCIETY.

These notes are being drafted just before the annual production of the Society. This year "Mrs. Moonlight," a piece of pastiche by Benn W. Levy, is being presented, and we stagers are sorry that we have not yet received definite news of its success. Nevertheless the producer and cast have worked very hard, and in next term's issue we shall be able to congratulate them on a fine performance.

The Play-Reading Section has had time for two readings only. Shaw's "Arms and the Man" was well supported and surprisingly well received. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" was a success, but a play of this type loses a lot of its effectiveness if the actions—exceedingly difficult when reading—are not well done. Before the end of term we shall probably read E. M. Delafield's "To See Ourselves."

It is very pleasing to note the increased attendances at the last two readings. We hope that others will see the value and pleasure of such an occupation.

R. T. K.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

So far, two of the eight lectures arranged for this session have been held. On Oct. 20th, Mr. J. Berry, Avon Research Officer, spoke entertainingly on the different species and modes of life of wild geese. On Nov. 2nd, the Society was honoured by a visit of Professor Lloyd, Professor of Botany at McGill University, Montreal. At a former visit, two hundred people crowded into the Botany Theatre, so on this occasion the lecture was made open to the public, and held in the Assembly Hall. The subject was "Flesh Eating Plants," and Professor Lloyd held a large audience enthralled by his remarkable personality and by a marvellous set of lantern slides. His "Heath Robinson" slides, illustrating the principle of *Utricularia* (the Pitcher Plant), especially caused much amusement. The lecture concluded with three films showing the actual capture of insects by the carnivores of the plant world.

STUDENTS' ORCHESTRA.

This term has seen the Students' Orchestra in full swing. It was formed towards the end of last session, and, under the guidance of Mr. Capelin, had already made some progress when the advent of the vacation caused a lull in its activities. This term found gaps in our ranks; we had lost our conductor and one or two of our violins—good men all of them. It is a matter for considerable gratification that we have found men capable of taking the places of the old stalwarts. Our conductor has been a very pleasant surprise to all of us. He has done more than to carry on the work of our late conductor. Thanks to the considerable amount of time and energy he has devoted, the rehearsals from reminding one strongly at times of a band of soloists have now become occasions for real solid combined work. We owe a lot to Mr. Allen. We have now had regular practices, and are making our debut at the Play. We hope to give a short lunch-hour concert at the end of the term. Thanks are due to those members who have turned up with unfailing regularity and worked hard at their respective parts. A word to those who have not come along yet, owing to their instruments being at home. Bring them next term and join us; it doesn't matter what you play like, the practices exist in order to remedy that matter. Come along to our Friday evenings and have a jolly good time.

P. W. S. A.

9th SOUTHAMPTON ROVER CREW.

This term has seen the influx of a number of new A.S.M.'s, Rovers and Scouts, so that our roll has not decreased at all from the record strength of last session. Any other students interested in the Movement, and who have not yet found us out, are guaranteed a warm welcome any Thursday, at 1.20, in Hut C.

We are now extending our activities into the town. All our Rovers are now on the local Association list of Badge Instructors and Examiners, and when arrangements are complete we shall be helping in the running of troops in the town which have hitherto been unable to obtain sufficient staff support. Up to the present, St. Nicholas' Troop has been re-formed and organised, and members of New Hall have taken all responsibility for it. Cox has formed a troop at St. Michael's, to ensure that the Cubs of his own pack are not lost to the Movement. Dockland, of course, is flourishing under the direction of Vine, who has the help of four other Rovers from College. The Troop is now in two sections; has a Cub Pack attached, and has grown to such dimensions that new headquarters were absolutely necessary.

The Crew is now represented on the Universities' Council for Unemployed Camps. This has been formed since the summer camp, when it was proved that great and good work could be done among unemployed lads. Our Senior Mate attended this camp, which was run from Westcott House, Cambridge. Another article appears in this issue, telling of the whole scheme and its probable development.

It is good to note that Rovers who left College last session are already doing good work in Groups where they have gone, in many parts of the country, and that Rovers who left several sessions ago are running their own troops in their schools, towns and villages. So perhaps we *are* doing something after all—why not help us in some way or other?

CHRISTIAN UNION.

We started the term with a Squash for Freshers on Friday, Oct. 6th, when Mr. A. S. Aldis addressed some fifty students. We have continued our lunch-hour prayer meetings, which have been increasingly helpful. Inspiring weekly Bible studies were led by the Rev. P. W. R. Kennedy, of St. Mary's, while a series of Fellowship meetings at Highfield Hall on Wednesdays, at 7.15 a.m., was a new venture this term. At the time of going to press we are looking forward to a general meeting, for which arrangements are being made.

Our membership has been increased, but we would welcome a still greater number to share the fellowship in Christ which we have found so encouraging.



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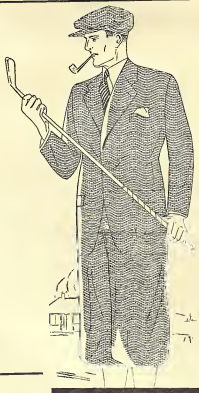
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WESSEX, 1934.

The Editor of *Wessex*, the annual magazine published on behalf of the Wessex University Movement, will be glad to consider contributions for the next number, which will appear on 1st May, 1934. Literary contributions should be typewritten or written in very clear manuscript, and should reach the Editor, Professor Pinto, not later than 1st March, 1934.

It is proposed to have a new design for the cover of *Wessex*. The Art Editor, Dr. H. W. Lawton, will be glad to consider any designs submitted to him before 1st February, 1934.

